

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Gew-Gaws Loom Big To Girls

Dress and Adornment, Fill Needed Place in Life of Young Folks, Yet Never Should Be Allowed to Become Main Goal—Man Won By Pretty Clothes Alone Is Hardly Worth Winning.

By SOPHIE IRENE LOEB.

A FEW days ago a young woman came before a judge because she had taken money that did not belong to her. Her utter hopelessness before the tribunal was appalling.

"I did it because I wasn't pretty and I had to have clothes that looked well. But he'll never understand. No man could exactly. When other girls have beaux and you don't—that's what hurts. I don't know how much I spent. It all just went on little things, but it didn't bring me anything but MISERY. I wasn't happy."

"I started to do what pretty girls I knew had done all their lives. I think I could have been happy then, only I suffered so terribly because I knew it was all wrong and the day would come when I'd have to pay."

And there you have it. "She had to pay. In the vernacular, 'You can't get away with it.' Besides, this girl reasoned wrongly. She expected to attract beaux by her clothes, and in the last summing up the beau that is attracted by clothes only is no more lasting than the clothes themselves. He is not worth having."

There is no denying that the pleasure of clothes is as much a necessity to a girl as her food. She came by this inheritance long through Mother Eve. It is foolish to say that clothes do not play a great part in the life of EVERY girl.

Gew Gaws Have Place.

Oh, the sorrows and sadness and misery that are caused by the want of a pretty gew-gaw. Sometimes I think that a bunch of violets or a pretty feather on a hat keeps the spirit of a girl alive more than a good dinner. Every parent should recognize this.

Instead of scolding the girl for the love of lovely things all effort should be made to satisfy that which is possible during her youth.

The sacrifices come soon enough in later years when disappointments are not so keen when waiting does not seem so long.

Yet the great trouble with the girl like the one in question is that she seeks to IMITATE—to be like somebody else—to reach out and far beyond her means. In her effort to appear attractive to the other sex. No warth-while man was ever secured that way.

Besides, there is no need for expense that is a hindrance. In the industrial world today there are thousands of inexpensive things, really beautiful, that may enhance the appearance of the most unattractive girl. She can purchase WITHIN HER MEANS.

Personality What Holds.

It is only to take the trouble to study and find them and discriminate properly. But the great game seems to be what you are not more prosperous than you are. And therein is the great danger, the false note and the consequent temptations.

If only girls would realize that eventually the average man KNOWS they are dressing beyond their circumstances and therefore as a general thing it detracts from their charm.

For the old adage still holds good: "You can't fool all the people all the time." In this age, where mentality of woman is a big asset in her attractiveness, beauty and dress only play a lesser part.

I have seen the homeliest girls with the plainest clothes the most popular ones of their set.

There is no need to imitate. Be YOURSELF. Charm and a good disposition act like a magnet.

The attraction of clothes is but transitory.

Personality holds.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Seen In The Shops

By THE SHOPPER.

THE prettiest of white canvas shoes are offered at a special sale at one of the Seventh street shops for \$1.36 a pair.

There are plenty in the popular crimp pump style, but by far the newest styles are the Colontia, with a broad tongue and large buckle.

Sport shoes, with heavy sewed soles of rubber, may also be had for the same price.

Brainierers of net, the coolest possible material for summer wear, are 25 cents each at an E street shop.

One of the Eleventh street shops is having a very worth while waist sale. As is natural for the price—these blouses are very simple, many of them relying upon prettily cut collars and cuffs and groups of fine tucks for trimming.

Most of the materials are striped checked and should wash very well. There are a few honeycomb weaves, and not a few plain voiles.

Forty-two-inch English dress materials, all white, are 50 cents a yard at one of the F street shops. They appear to be woven with exceptional care, in various dainty corded stripes.

(Telephone Main 5260 for information regarding the names of the stores mentioned above may be purchased. Inquiries concerning news of the shops should be addressed to The Shopper, this office.)

A Puzzler.

"Now, sir," demanded the cross-examining lawyer, "did you or did you not, on the date in question, or at any other time, say to the defendant or anyone else that the statement introduced to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise?"

The witness looked bewildered. "Yes or no, what?" he finally managed to gasp out. The Youth's Companion.

Stories Of Stories

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

By William Maginn.

JACK SAVAGE was official bell-ringer at an Irish cathedral. He loved the enormous bell that he used to toll so rhythmically.

One Sunday morning he went to the cathedral belfry to ring for the early service. He tugged at the rope. No sound from the bell overhead answered his summons.

He climbed the fifty-foot ladder to the bell loft. This was a tiny cubby-hole, partly open to the sky, and floored only by a few crassly fragile laths. The bell's rim was within two feet of this dimly floor.

Jack crawled out on the cracking laths, then lay down and wriggled under the brazen rim, and up into the interior of the mighty bell itself. There he quickly found why no sound had followed his efforts at ringing.

Some one had strangled a piece of cloth around the bell-clapper, muffling it. So tightly was this muffler fastened to the clapper that it took several minutes for Jack to cut it free.

Meantime a friend of his happened to see the cathedral. Finding that the bell was not ringing for the morning service, and fearing lest Jack might lose his job for neglecting to ring it, this friend ran up to the belfry. Not seeing Jack there, he proceeded to take the latter's place as bell-ringer.

Jack was just crawling out of the bell when he felt the huge mass of metal begin to stir. Guessing what had happened, and realizing he would not have time to get out of the way before the tolling should begin, he dropped on his back upon the laths, just under the clapper.

He had barely reached this place of comparative safety when the bell rang.

The great clapper swung so close to his flattened body as to graze it. Then his ears fairly burst with the roar and clangor of the bell's first stroke.

The rest was agony. Lying there, unable to move, hardly out of reach of the clapper blows that would have crushed him to a jelly, Jack Savage writhed in torment.

The crazy flooring shook and cracked under the double pressure of his weight and the reverberation. The laths sagged perilously. Once let them break nothing could save the victim from a drop of fifty feet to the insecure floor of the belfry room below, and thence (driven by his own impact) to another fall of fully 100 feet to the marble channel of the cathedral itself.

Every fiber of his body was racked. His brain reeled under the horrible noise and the still more horrible danger. To his dizzy fancy the bell was a hideous monster that made successive swoops downward at his helpless body.

He began to feel a wild yearning to leap upward and to battle with the swinging clapper. He strove with all his remaining will power to resist this insane craving.

Then, after what seemed a century of torture, the bell ceased to ring. But Jack Savage was too far gone to escape. They found him, hours later, his face and eyelids raw from the rush of wind stirred up by the bell, his eyes glassy, his mind a wreck. Months of careful nursing in a forest region, out of sound of church bells, slowly brought back his health and reason.

But to the day of his death he could never again hear the tolling of a bell without starting up in a trembling and unreasoning terror.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Nervous Apprehension.

"They are not going to cut me up if I go to the hospital, are they?"

"Of course not, when you're going just for rest. What makes you think they are?"

"Because when I called up the hospital voice said 'Operator.'—Baltimore American.

Times Pattern Service



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Sport Suits of Silk and Wool Supply Actual Need For Service

The All-Wool Suit Is Too Hot for Summer Sport Wear, While the All-Silk Suit Is Scarcely Practical for Strenuous Exercise, Hence the Clever Combination of a Silk Coat and a Wool Skirt.

Stripes and Plain Suits Have Had Their Day, We Are Assured, So Along Come Checks to Vary the Monotony of Our Appearance on the Links or the Tennis Court.—Bright Colors Are Still in Demand.

THE plain jersey sport suit passed the zenith of its popularity several months ago.

The pongee sport suit, sporting stripes of various widths, is still holding its own bravely.

The next step, we are assured, will be the sport suit combining unglazed material and checks. Though this has not as yet appeared in the shops, the astute persons who rule the destinies of feminine apparel have progressed so far in their plans as to offer a picture of this newest conception.

The coat, in Russian blouse style, is belted in at the waist, though not enough to interfere with free movement of the arms. The belt, of the same silk jersey as the coat, is softly crushed into a three-inch girdle, fastened by squares of silk trimmed with buttons and a piping of checked material. The pelm of the coat extends well down to the knees.

Collar Generous Sailor.

The collar is a generous sailor one, of checked wool jersey, fringed at the lower part of the collar to make an effective finish. The three-inch cuffs are also of the checked cloth.

The skirt is checked, of conservative length, and not more than two and one-half yards around. This forebushes the passing of the very wide skirt, promised as one of the changes in autumn styles.

The weave of the wool jersey is noteworthy for its looseness and decided texture.

This suit will appeal to those who have found that a complete outfit



Copyright, 1916, by Underwood & Underwood.
Practical Sport Suit Combining a Coat of Silk Jersey and a Skirt of Checked Wool Jersey. The Coat Is Trimmed With the Checked Wool and a Number of Round Buttons.

of the jersey silk is too light to stand much strenuous sport wear. A wool skirt, or one with a great deal of body, is an absolute necessity, yet a wool coat is almost unbearable in hot weather.

Silk Coat Very Useful.

Hence, the use of a light silk coat

with a heavy skirt is a rather clever deference to actual need.

The sport costume illustrated is of purple silk jersey, combined with purple and sage green checked wool jersey. A purple hat with a sage green binding and band, is worn with the suit.

When One's Neighbors Complain

By LAURA CLAWSON.

TED'S mother sensed the trouble from afar, for there was wrath in the very walk of her neighbor, Mrs. Howard, as she came up the veranda steps.

"I'm truly sorry to bother you," said

that lady, "but Ted has been teasing the parrot again! I should be very unwilling to cause any trouble, but I felt you ought to know, and I do hope that you will punish him, as he richly deserves."

Mrs. Howard, as can readily be seen, has no children of her own, and perhaps the remembrance of that fact may have softened the other woman's manner a bit, as she said gently:

"Indeed, I am sorry that you should have been annoyed, Mrs. Howard. I shall certainly ask Ted about it."

"Ask, indeed," retorted Mrs. Howard: "perhaps you don't believe me when I say that he stood under the dining room window this morning calling to the poor bird!"

Must Hear Both Sides.

"Please, Mrs. Howard," begged Ted's mother, "don't let's have any unpleasantness. But I cannot promise anything in the way of punishment until I have asked Ted about his side of the matter. It may not interest you to know it, but the one thing I try to do is to treat him as a reasonable being. If he annoyed the parrot, I am sure he will tell me, and I shall deal with the matter as I think best. Even at the risk of offending you, I must be fair to him."

Mrs. Howard's parting was anything but courteous, and as Ted's mother turned to see her neighbor's side of the matter, she didn't understand in the least what I am trying to get at. I know only too well that Ted is mischievous, that he has teased the parrot, but I will not listen to tales like these without giving the boy himself a chance to tell his side of it.

"You see, I had a younger brother at

home, and he was the neighborhood scapegoat. I have heard father and mother promise to punish him for a sort of things before the boy had a chance to even defend himself, and I made up my mind that no boy of mine should ever be placed in such a position. Neighbors have no right to expect it."

Best to Suspend Judgment.

Do you think that Ted's mother is extreme in her position? Perhaps, but if more fathers and mothers would have the bravery to suspend judgment, or at least to refrain from promising to punish children whom neighbors have reported as naughty, perhaps it might be well.

I very well know that children can be irritating until neighbors feel that it is their duty to speak to parents whom they suppose to be ignorant of such shortcomings.

But on the other hand, it is wiser for the parent to seem to take the side of the child until the facts are known. This may lead to temporary coolness on the part of neighbors who feel their duty to police their dwellings, but it will make for a better understanding between the small culprit and his parent, which, perhaps is more to be desired.

(Copyright, 1915, by Laura Clawson.)

Superfluous Hair Disappears Quickly

The safest and surest way to remove superfluous hair is to attack it under the skin as well as on the skin. Only De Miraclo works on this principle, because it quickly absorbs by the skin and alone contains certain ingredients which give it the power to rob hair of its vitality—its life sustaining force.

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Your Hands Really Show Your Mind's Development And Reflect Intellect

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

THE dexterity of a man's hand is only equaled by the power that lies in it. With the eyebrows, the erect attitude, and the capacity to observe differences and likenesses the hand distinguishes man from the brute animal.

The hand rises man above his blood brother, the ox, because it will reach out and grasp tools and the other instruments of civilization and put them to some use directed by the intellect.

In such reverence have the hands of man been held that kings in ancient days attributed, and honest but unthinking people nowadays still attribute, to "the laying on of hands," a magnetic power by which diseases may be cured. The reason the same hand may hold the reins of a horse, guide a motor car, play a piano, paint a picture, turn a spigot, roll a cigarette and perform other precise tasks is to be found in its fundamental structure. The adaptable nature of living tissues, notably the muscles, and their memories for trials and repetitions—which have little or nothing to do with the brain itself—makes for the skill of the hands.

Most Flexible Muscles.

The hands are among the most flexible, the most limber, of all the muscles. If well nourished, cleanly, sensitive and in the best of health, they will learn and do more easily than when they are handicapped by lack of sensation and ill-health.

Since the hand is directed by the mind, and the mind depends upon the vigor and acuteness of all the senses and the flesh, it is plain that the grace or awkwardness, the skill or the want

of it shown by the hand reflect the caliber of a man's intellect. Usually a man is as sensible as his hands and feet show him to be. His wisdom is reflected in his finger tips, and, vice versa, his hands and fingers contribute a large quota of knowledge and experience to his thoughts.

The disciples of palmistry have not been so far off the track as some scientists would have you believe. The markings of the hand, on the palm and thumb particularly, are so distinctive and characteristic for each person that the secrets of the present and perhaps of the past, if not of the future, are labeled thereon.

Concentric, avoid, webbed and other apparently circuitous markings are never identical, even in the hands of the same family. One is so much an individual stamp that an individual photographer made the Japanese in the play stamp and thus identify all his wares with his thumb prints. This is a legitimate and correct application of Galton's discoveries. The Bertillon method makes use of the same principle.

Lack of Intelligence.

So important are the hands to the health, sanity and happiness of human kind that the child whose hands are absent, webbed hands, supernumerary hands or enlarged hands often suffer conspicuously from lack of intelligence, common sense and physical health.

Therefore, the much criticized "new" fangled educational method, which demands that the child's hand be trained to sculptor, to draw, to make wicker baskets and to employ the hands in as many ways as possible, is, after all, the correct plan—providing all of the other needs of mental life are not sacrificed. To be sure, reading, writing, arithmetic, languages, physiology, history, literature and logic are equally needed. (Copyright, 1915, Newspaper Feature Service.)

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By HELEN ROWLAND.

HE Prayer of a Bride who seeketh wisdom and light that her days may be long in the House of Matrimony.

Oh, Fate, I thank thee that thou hast granted me this hour of triumph where in I shall walk before my friends and mine enemies with this TROPHY by my side!

For what profiteth it a woman though she be crowned with all the laurels under the sun and have not worn a wreath of peace and bloom?

Therefore, I pray thee, make me worthy that I may deserve him, and wise that I may hold him, even as thou hast made me clever, that I might CATCH him!

Let me not see his faults if he have any; make me blind to his failings; shut mine eyes to his weaknesses.

For I know that in matrimony only the totally blind are happy.

Stay me, I pray thee, from the folly of "confessions" and whatever my flirtations and sentimental triumphs have been, let me not be tempted to boast of them.

For confessions are like unto wine, exhilarating for the moment, but apt to leave one with "that sorry feeling." Likewise deliver me from curiosity! Stay me, I pray thee, from questioning him, concerning his OWN past, his comings and his goings and his staying out in the evenings.

For a woman that asketh questions is as too much pepper in the soup, too much horse-dung upon the clams, and perfect FAITH is the only leash whereby a wife may hold her husband in check. Yes, verily, a little suspicion is a dangerous thing!

Strengthen me, I beseech thee, that I may suppress mine own inclinations and hide my desires, and conceal my whims; let me be happy when HE is hungry, merry when HE is sleepy, merry when HE is merry, sentimental when HE is sentimental and busy when HE is busy.

For next to not being at hand when she is needed, the worst crime a wife can commit is to be there when she is NOT wanted.

Teach me the legerdemain whereby I can make the chicken smile from the veal and an "imported" hat from a cast-off feather duster or an old peach basket.

Let me not hanker after compliments nor yearn after flattery, for I know that when he maketh me his wife it is the greatest compliment that he shall ever pay me and the LAST!

Strengthen me to meet his old flames with pleasant smiles and graciousness; for it is not his past loves but his FUTURE ones which shall be my tribulation.

Let me not yearn after "Independence," for I know that my Fourth of July are over, and after the wedding day my TOOTH BRUSH shall be the only sign of mine "individuality" left unto me.

Fill me with humility that I may joyfully relinquish the heart of the salad and be satisfied with the smaller portion of the steak; yes, that I may delight to let my coffee cool and mine appetite wait until HE is ready to eat.

For, behold, if I cater unto his these things then will he yield unto me in all things of IMPORTANCE, and for the love of the Lord, happy in his two-by-four Kitchenette apartment which he, mine HUSBAND, bestowed upon me!

Señal!

(Copyright, 1915.)

The Chaperon

To the Chaperon—On what finger should a girl wear a signet ring?

What is the best way of acquiring speed on a typewriter? I use the touch system. How long should one practice? R. O. L.

A SIGNET ring looks best on the little finger. It is, of course, a matter of taste whether it should be worn on this or the ring, or third, finger, but it is my opinion that there is greater individuality to a ring on the little finger.

Table etiquette is rather long to be explained here. However, I will condense it as well as I can.

Sit at a convenient distance from the table and all upright. Do not bend over the table any more than is absolutely necessary.

Food should be raised to the mouth with the fork or spoon in the right hand. It should be cut in small pieces. There should never be more than one kind of food taken at a

mouthful. That is, do not have the fork loaded with potatoes and meat at the same time.

Do not start to eat until everyone is served.

There, I've put down the things that seem to me to be the most important. The details of explaining the proper knives and forks and spoons to use are too much space to be repeated here.

Are you just learning the typewriter or do you desire to increase the speed you have been using for some time? In either case, practice is the best way to improve, and I should think at least three hours a day would be needed to make any definite improvement.

In addition, you can try to see how many words you can write in five minutes, attempting to work accurately as well as quickly. These five-minute speed tests may gradually be increased in length until you are able to work rapidly for half an hour or so at a time. This rapid pace must be built up very gradually, to guard against overfatigue.

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